

Wanderin' Kind

The Turtles

I am the wanderin' kind
Never know where I'll be bound
I am the wanderin' kind
Always travelin' around
My feet start hurting
If I just sit in one place
'Cause sitting's a disgrace
And stand in such a way
So I move along with this
'Cause I'm tired of all the faces that I've seen
I've got to move to greener lands
Where I can breathe the air
So I can settle there
Till the wind weeps through my hair
The whispering mister orders trying to catch me
I am the wanderin' kind
Never know where I'll be bound
I am the wanderin' kind
Always travelin' around